AN OVERLAND JOURNEY.

XXXIII.

CALIFORNIA—SUMMING UP.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Sept. 4-5, 1859.

The entire area of this State is officially estimated as containing a fraction less than One Hundred Millions of acres; but, as this total includes bays as well as lakes, rivers, &c., the actual extent of unsubmerged land can hardly exceed Ninety Millions of acres, or rather more than nine times the area of New-Hampshire or Vermont—perhaps twice the area of the State of New-York. It is only a guess on my part, but one founded on considerable travel and observation, which makes not more than one-third of this extent—say Thirty Millions of acres—properly arable; the residue being either ruggedly mountainous, hopelessly desert, or absorbed in the *tulé* marshes which line the San Joaquin and perhaps some other rivers. The arable Thirty Millions of acres—nearly the area of all New-England, except Maine—are scarcely equaled in capacity of production by any like area on earth. They embrace the best Vine-lands on this continent, to an extent of many millions of acres—an area capable of producing all the Wine and all the Raisins annually consumed on the globe. All the Fruits of the temperate zone are grown here in great luxuriance and perfection, together with the Fig, Olive, &c., to which the Lemon and Orange may be added in the South. No other land on earth produces Wheat, Rye, and Barley so largely with so little labor as the great majority of these Thirty Million acres; a portion of them are well adapted also to Indian Corn. To Stock growing in an easy, slovenly, reckless way, this mild climate and fertile soil also lend themselves readily; yet I must believe that many more acres are required here to graze a thousand head of cattle than in New-York or Kentucky, and that the capacities of California to furnish Beef and Milk in this poor fashion have been taxed very nearly to the utmost. Doubtless, four, six, or even ten times the present number of cattle will be fed here at some future day, but not wholly on the spontaneous growth of the valleys and hillsides. Nay: I hear already that, as the Wild Oats and natural grasses are closely fed year after year, so as to preclude their seeding or prevent the seed falling to the earth and germinating, they gradually die out, and are supplanted by coarse, worthless weeds. Evidently—and I rejoice over the fact—the day of *ranches*, or broad, unfenced domains, over which the cattle of the owner range at will, protected only by his brand from indiscriminate appropriation, is passing away for ever. And it is high time. Though the range is yet many acres per head, and the feed ample for the greater part of the year, yet the cows of California give less milk to-day than a like number kept for milk on any other portion of the globe. The dry grass and stubble on which they subsist keep them in fair flesh, but furnishes scanty overplus for butter and cheese. Good butter is worth fifty cents and over per pound, and has generally at this season a white, insipid look, like that made in Winter at the East. Cheese commands twenty-five cents per pound, and is seldom seen on hotel or private tables. Yet the production, though meager, is rapidly increasing; the little valleys opening directly on the Pacific, and thus kept green by its fogs and damp winds, in spite of the six months' absence of rain, yielding it most abundantly. A cheese weighing seven hundred and fifty pounds, the product of a single dairy, is now here, on its way to the State Fair at Sacramento; the large store in which I saw it is full of California-made cheese, from basement to attic. Yet California does not nearly supply her own wants, whether of Cheese or Butter, and never will until her dairymen shall deem it profitable to shelter their stock in Winter and supply them with green fodder in later Summer and Fall. Whenever they shall generally devote one-quarter of their lands to growing Chilian Clover, Sowed Corn, Beets, Parsnips and Carrots, wherewith to feed their cows from August to February, they will make twice or thrice their present product of Butter and Cheese, and prove theirs one of the best Dairy regions on earth. But Habits, especially bad ones, are stubborn things, and they will only come to this wisdom by degrees.

—Whether California would be a better country if it had rain in Summer, I have already somewhat considered. That it would be more inviting and attractive in aspect, especially to those unaccustomed to such sterility through the latter half of each year, cannot be doubted. With such rain, its natural pasturage would suffice for twice its present number of cattle, while cultivation could be extended far up into the mountains, on lands now deemed arable only when irrigated. Yet, on the other hand, these dry Summers have their advantages. By their aid, the most bountiful harvests of Hay and Grain are secured in the best order, and by means of the least possible labor. Weeds are not half so inveterate and troublesome here as in rainy countries. A given amount of labor accomplishes far more in any direction than at the East. The wise man may start on a journey, of business or pleasure, without consulting his barometer, and the fool without looking into his almanac. Nobody, save in Winter or early Spring, ever casts an apprehensive look at the skies; it may be cloudy or foggy, as it often is; but you know it cannot rain till next November, and lay your plans accordingly. I have passed large fields of standing Wheat that have been dead-ripe for at least a month; they will shell some when cut, but the Grain will be bright and plump as ever. All through the Grain region, you see Wheat that has been threshed and sacked, and piled up in the open field where it grew, to await the farmer's convenience in taking it to market; and it may lie so for months without damage, unless from squirrels or gophers. Wheat is sown throughout the Winter, though the earlier sown is the surer. Plowing commences with the rains, and sowing should follow as closely as may be. Very decent crops of "volunteer" Grain are often grown, by simply harrowing in the seed shelled out and lost in the process of harvesting—sometimes even though the harrowing is omitted. But the ground squirrels are apt to intercept this process by filling the grain-fields with their holes, and eating up all the scattered grain and a good deal more. They are a great pest in many localities, and Strychnine is freely and effectively employed to diminish their numbers.

THE MOUNTAINS AND MINES.

I have estimated that barely one-third of the total area of unsubmerged California is perfectly arable: but it would be a great mistake to suppose the residue worthless. At least Thirty Millions of acres more are covered by rugged hills and mountains, mainly timbered—much of the timber being large and of the best quality. Yellow, Pitch and Sugar Pine—the Pitch Pine being scarcely akin to its stunted and scrubby New-England namesake, but a tall and valuable tree—the Sugar being nearly identical with our White Pine, save that its sap is saccharine—White Cedar, Redwood, Spruce, Balsam Fir—all these averaging at least twice the size of the trees in any forest I ever saw elsewhere, while the Balsam is just the most shapely and graceful tree on earth—such are the forests which cover all but the snowy peaks of the mountains of California. Trees six to eight feet through are as common in the Sierra Nevada, and I hear in the Coast Range also, as those three to four feet in diameter are (or were) in the pine forests of New-York and New-England. Consider that these giants look down on the Gold Mines wherein a very large proportion of the most active population of this State must for ages be employed, while the agricultural districts lie just below them, and even the seaboard cities are but a day's ride further, and the value of these forests becomes apparent. The day is not distant—there are those living who will see it—when what is now California will have a population of Three to Six Millions; then eligible timber lands in the Sierra will be worth more per acre than would now be paid for farms in the richest valleys near San Francisco.

The timber of the lower hills and plains is generally Oak—short-bodied, wide-spreading, and of poor quality, save for fuel, being *brash* (easily broken, like a clay pipe-stem), and not durable. The more common variety looks like the White Oak found in New-England pastures, but resembles it in looks only. Live Oak is next in abundance, and also a poor article. It has a smooth, dark bark, a short, crooked trunk, a profusion of good-for-nothing limbs, and small, deep green leaves, which defy the frosts of Winter. The trunk is often barked by Vandals for tanning, leaving the tree standing alive, but certain to die. Black and Rock Oak are found in some of the mountain valleys, and seem to be of fair quality. Large Cottonwood and Sycamore line some of the streams, but very sparingly. Her Evergreens are the pride of California.

—The Gold Mines are generally found among the foot-hills of the Sierra, or in the beds of the streams which traverse those hills. In many instances, hills now tower where rivers once ran—how long since, who may tell? Trees in a state of semi-petrifaction are dug out from under hundreds of feet of solid earth, which seems to have lain undisturbed since creation. The beds of ancient lakes are covered by rugged hights; and, these beds being often auriferous, it is one of the arts of the miner to know just where to tunnel through the "rim rock" so as to strike what was the bottom of the lake, and thus extract its gold as cheaply as may be. Washing the beds of modern streams, which was the earliest and most profitable field of mining adventure, is now nearly at an end, or turned over to the Chinese, who are willing to work hard and steadily for much less than will satisfy the aspirations of a Yankee. There are still some creek-beds that will pay in Winter, when water is abundant, that remain to be washed out; but, in the main, river-mining is at its last gasp. Very few dams are being or have recently been constructed to turn rivers from their beds and permit those beds to be sluiced out; and I doubt that this special department of mining ever paid its aggregate cost. The expense is serious; the product often moderate, and subject to many contingencies. Henceforth, dams will be constructed mainly to feed the canals or "ditches" whereby water is supplied to works that must otherwise be abandoned. Of these ditches, *The State Register* for 1859 has a list of several hundreds in number, amounting in the aggregate to 5,726 miles of artificial water-courses constructed wholly for mining purposes, at a total cost of $13,575,400, or about twice that of the original Erie Canal. The largest of these ditches is that of the Eureka Canal Company, leading water from the north fork of the Cosumnes River to Diamond Springs, 290 miles, at a cost of $80,000; but there are many far more expensive and important, being far larger, and carried over a more difficult country. At the head of these stand the Mokelumne Hill Canal in Calaveras County, only 60 miles long, but costing $600,000, the Columbia and Stanislaus, in Tuolumne County, 80 miles long, which also cost $600,000, and the South Yuba Canal, in Nevada County, costing $500,000. Many larger enterprises than even these have been projected, but not yet carried out, because capitalists cannot be found willing to supply the needful cash. Thus, in Mariposas alone it has been estimated that an annual rental of ten millions of dollars would be paid for water, could enough of it be had at living rates. I merely guess that it could not be paid many years.

—Of course, I do not suppose that the Gold Mines of California will ever be thoroughly worked out—certainly not in the next thousand years; yet I do not anticipate any considerable increase in their annual production, because I deem $50,000,000 per annum as much as can be taken out at a profit under existing circumstances. The early miners of California reaped what Nature had been quietly sowing through countless thousands of years. Through the action of frost and fire, growth and decay, air and water, she had been slowly wearing down the primitive rocks in which the gold was originally deposited, washing away the lighter matter, and concentrating the gold thus gleaned from cubic miles of stubborn quartz and granite in a few cubic feet of earth at the bottom of her water-courses. Many a miner has thus taken out in a day gold which could not have been extracted from the rock where it first grew in many weeks. Even the hills in which it is now mainly found can be washed down at one dollar or less per cubic yard by the best hydraulic appliances. But when the miner is brought face to face with the rough granite, which he must drill and blast and tunnel for all the gold he gets, the case is bravely altered. He *may* make money here; he sometimes does; but I am sure that, up to this hour, not one quartz-mining enterprise in every four has paid its bare expenses; and, though there will be brilliant exceptions, I am confident that quartz mining, as a whole, will not pay for many years to come. Either labor must be cheaper, or the processes of quartz-mining far more economical and efficient, or the yield per ton much greater, before one undeniably auriferous quartz-vein in ten will pay the cost of working it. And, while I presume improvements will from time to time be made, I hear doubtingly the talk of sanguine inventors and operators of doubling the product of gold by this or that new amalgamator or other device. So many of these contrivances have proved futile or of little worth, that I wait. Chemical tests prove that but a portion of the gold actually contained in the vein-stone (especially if a sulphuret) is now obtained by the crushing and washing process; but how soon or by what process this proportion may be essentially increased I do not know—who does? And *until* it shall be, I must consider Quartz-Mining, with Labor at the present rates, the poorest business now prosecuted in California. A few, who have struck pockets rather than veins of peculiarly rich quartz, are making a good thing of it, and their luck is in every one's mouth; but of the hundreds who drive up long adits through dead rock, or sink costly shafts to strike a vein at the best point, and find it, after all, too poor to pay for working, little is said or thought till they drop into the gulf of acknowledged bankruptcy and pass away. I believe fewer quartz veins are being worked to-day than were some years ago; I think fewer still will be worked a year hence, and thenceforward, until cheaper labor or more effective processes shall have rendered quartz mining a very different business. And until such change is effected, I apprehend that the annual Gold Product of California will not be essentially augmented.

POPULATION—EDUCATION—MORALS.

The total population of Upper California (*our* California, in contradistinction to the peninsula still held by Mexico), was estimated, on the 1st of January, 1849, at 26,000: viz: natives of the country (not including Indian,) 13,000; United States Americans, 8,000; Europeans, 5,000. The Aborigines were estimated, in 1856, by Col. Henley, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, at 65,000. I believe this a gross exaggeration. Six Indian Reservations have been officially established in different sections of the State, on which all the Indians have been gathered that could be, and these amount to barely 17,205, according to the official returns, which, being the basis of requisitions on the Government, are certain not to fall below the truth. I do not believe there are so many more Indians in the State; and, whatever may be the number, it is steadily and rapidly diminishing. These Indians are generally idle and depraved, while the white men who come in contact with them are often rascals and ruffians, who hold that Indians have "no rights which white men are bound to respect." By these, the poor savages are intruded upon, hunted, abused, robbed, outraged, until they are themselves driven to acts of violence, when a "war" ensues, and they are butchered without mercy. If an honest census of the various tribes and bands be taken in 1860, their number will not be found to much exceed 30,000, which 1870 will find reduced to 10,000. The native or Spanish Californians are already reduced in number since 1849, and are now mainly confined to the southern agricultural counties. I have not seen half a dozen of them in a month's travel through the heart of the State.

The Census of 1850 made the total population of California (Indians not counted) 92,597, but there were some counties from which no returns were received, which, it was estimated, would increase the aggregate to 117,536. Only two years thereafter, a State Census was taken, which increased the number to 264,435—it having more than doubled (by immigration) in two years. Of this number, only 22,193 were females—less than one-tenth of the whole; while the great majority were men in the vigorous prime of life. The state of public morals among a population so disproportioned, in a land far removed from the restraining influences of home and kindred, were better imagined than described.

To-day, the total population of the Golden State (excluding Indians) is probably not less than Half a Million: the Census of 1860 will doubtless give a still larger aggregate. Of these, I judge that some 50,000 are Chinese, with about an equal number of Europeans or Mexicans, not including those who by treaty or naturalization have become American citizens. Of the Half Million, probably 75,000 are under 18 years of age, while perhaps an equal number are women and girls over 18, though I fear not. This would leave 350,000 men, including boys over 18, nearly all in the prime of life—vigorous, active, enterprising and industrious. There are idlers and drones here as elsewhere; but there probably was never before a community of Half a Million people capable of doing so much work in a year as this population of California. The facts that they mine gold to the extent of Fifty Millions of Dollars annually, while growing Four Millions of bushels of Wheat, Five Millions of bushels of Barley, with large amounts of other Grains and an ample supply of Vegetables and Fruits for home consumption, would go far toward establishing this point.

But the industry of California produces important results which are not exhibited above. No part of the Union is making more rapid strides in building, fencing, opening farms, setting fruit-trees, breeding stock, &c. The number of Grape-Vines alone was increased from 1,540,134 in 1856 to 3,954,545 last year, (of which 1,650,000 were in the southern County of Los Angeles alone.) The aggregate will be carried this year above 6,000,000. Los Angeles in 1857 produced 350,000 gallons of Wine. Probably no other market on earth is so well supplied with Fruit throughout the year as that of San Francisco—a city hardly yet ten years old. Strawberries are abundant here to-day, and are in season from April to December. Raspberries are ripe in May, and are now abundant and perfect. Peaches are fresh from June to November. Grapes come in July, and are sold till December. All these and other fruits require preparation and outlay before they begin to make returns. The Orchards and Vineyards of California have cost Millions of Dollars, which are destined to return to their proprietors with interest in the course of a few years. As yet, there are probably more Apple-trees in the State than there have been gathered bushels of Apples up to this day.

—The following are the latest School Statistics of the State that I have been able to find:

Year.	Com. Schools.	Teachers.	*Pupils.
1855	53	56	11,242
1856	313	417	30,019
1857	397	486	36,222

*This number of pupils was not in actual attendance on the Schools, but is a return of all the children between 4 and 18 years living in the cities or towns which had organized schools. The number who actually attended school for even a part of a term was of course much smaller.

—Next after the deficiency of Women shown to exist in the population of California, this "beggarly account" of Schools is the darkest shade in the picture. I believe I have seen but *two* school-houses outside of cities or considerable villages in the course of my travels through the State. And, so long as *ranches* of five hundred to many thousand acres each stand in place of small, neat, well-cultivated farms, this deficiency, though it may be modified, will continue.

I have visited several of the Common Schools of San Francisco, and found them admirable in their appointments, under intelligent and vigilant supervision, and in a high state of efficiency. There may somewhere be better managed Seminaries than the High School, but I never entered their doors. Most of the smaller cities are taking hold of the subject in the right spirit, but under many disadvantages. Youth are too often kept away from school to earn money which their parents could do without, and many parents wait till they have improved their circumstances essentially before they think of educating their children. I was told in Marysville that many of the pupils of fourteen years and upward, in her schools, were just learning to read. There ought to be two thousand good common schools in operation this Winter in California, but I fear there will not be six hundred. I entreat the early and earnest attention of her better citizens to her lamentable lack of Schools. In no way can her energy and wealth be better employed than in multiplying and improving them.

WHAT IS THE INDUCEMENT FOR FURTHER IMMIGRATION?

I have endeavored so to arrange the facts embodied in my letters from this State as to furnish an answer to this question. I will here only sum up my conclusions:

1. California has still great need of virtuous, educated, energetic Women. One hundred thousand more of these would find homes and be useful here. Of course, I would advise no woman to pitch into such a community devoid of the protection of relatives or trusted friends; but women who can teach, manage a dairy, keep house, &c., and do not fancy any useful work degrading, are still greatly needed here. House servants command $20 to $30 per month; capable female workers in other capacities are paid in proportion. For a resolute, capable young woman, who has a married sister or trusted friend here, and who is not detained elsewhere by strong natural ties, I believe there is no better country than this.

Good farmers, who have considerable means, but especially those who understand the dairy business, and have families who can and will render their efficient help in it, can also do well here. The naked facts that, while Wheat now sells for $1 per bushel, Butter brings 50 and Cheese 25 cents per pound, are enough to show that dairy farming is profitable. The best grazing country is found along the coast, but it is all good for those who understand it, and are willing to grow feed for a part of each year. Bees do far better here than elsewhere, are worth $100 per hive, and good property at that. Fruit-growing is still profitable; Vine-growing will always be. I believe a young, energetic, intelligent farmer, with a good wife and $2,000 or over, can do as well in California as elsewhere, in spite of the horrible confusion of land titles. Buy no tract of which the title is at all doubtful, unless you can buy all the conflicting claims, but pay higher for good land well located, and as to the ownership of which there is no dispute. Such may at all times be found; if settlers were willing to pay for this rather than buy uncertainties at lower rates, it would be far better for them.

—I do not think it advisable for young men, or any others, to come here expecting to "make their pile," and return to the East. The chances for doing this, always doubtful, have nearly ceased to exist. No more merchants or clerks are wanted; and of those who come hereafter, nine-tenths will go back disappointed and impoverished, or stay here paupers. Goods are sold in California at as reasonable rates, all things considered, as in New-England or New-York, and there are quite sellers enough. The chances for "big strikes" in the Mines are few, and greenhorns cannot share them. Mining is reduced to a business, and one, at best, no better, in the average, than other business. The men who dig the gold carry away but a small share of it. Better leave the chances of gold-digging to those who understand it.

As to Labor for Wages, it is generally well paid here—say from $25 to $40 per month, beside board, and for Mechanics still higher. But employment is precarious, whether in the Cities, or the Mines, while the Farmers are shy of hiring at high wages when Wheat brings but $1 per bushel. I cannot consider it worth any man's while to risk the price of a passage hither for the chance of getting employment by the month. The experiment will usually cost all it comes to. If you come to California at all, come to stay; and nowhere else will you find a little money more desirable than here. Even $1,000, well applied, may, with resolute industry and frugality, place you soon on the high road to independence.

—But the steamship's shrill pipe gives warning that I must be up and away. I had ardently hoped and expected to return by the Butterfield Overland Mail via Los Angeles, Fort Yumas, Tucson, El Paso, &c., but this was not to be. These pestilent boils, which are the scourge of many overland comers to California, forbid it. I have no choice but to return by way of the Isthmus, for I can wait no longer. And so, as the good steamer Golden Age swings from her moorings, I wave to my many and generous friends in California—whose number I trust my visit has not tended to diminish—a fervent and hearty adieu!

H. G.

XXXIV.

CALIFORNIA—FINAL GLEANINGS.

PACIFIC OCEAN, Sept. 9, 1859.

Though my Overland Journey is ended, some facts gathered in its last stages remain to be noted. They relate exclusively to the moral and intellectual well-being and prospects of the Golden State.

RELIGION.

The last *State Register* gives a tabular view of Religious Denominations, making 216 Christian and 5 Jewish congregations in the State, with 269 Christian and 3 Hebrew clergymen. Of the Christian, 133—nearly one half—are Methodists, and 71—nearly one-fourth—are Roman Catholics. I hear from different quarters that the Methodists and Catholics manifest generally far more energy and vitality than the other churches. The Catholics enjoy certain marked advantages over all others. Theirs is the church of the old Californians—that is, of the Spanish-Mexican population without exception—also of a part of the Indians. The Catholic inhabitants are estimated to exceed 100,000. But the old church is strong in position and wealth as well as numbers. Much of the most valuable land in the State was long since conceded by Spanish or Mexican officials to the Catholic Missions; and, though a good deal of this has been clutched by squatters, a very valuable property still remains. Santa Clara College, near San José is probably the best literary institution in the State, and attracts many sons of non-Catholic parents, though a Catholic seminary. It has by far the largest theological library to be found on this coast. Oakland College, opposite San Francisco, is a young but thriving seminary, under Orthodox direction. There is to be a San Francisco University, I believe, but is not yet. Whatever colleges of a high grade may be established in the State for many years, will owe their existence to religion.

As yet, the great majority of the non-Catholic Californians have no habit of attendance on religious worship—no proclaimed attachment to any church whatever. Estimating their number (not including Chinese or Indians) at 350,000, I judge that less than one-tenth of them statedly attend church or make any religious profession. I simply state the facts as they appear to me, without drawing therefrom any deduction beyond this: An unsettled, homeless population rarely or never build churches or habitually frequent them.

THE PRESS.

There are between ninety and one hundred periodicals published in California. Thirty-one of the forty-five Counties have each one or more journals. Of these, twenty are issued daily—six of them of the Buchanan-Lecompton stripe in politics, three anti-Lecompton, and only one (*The San Francisco Times*) decidedly Republican. The remainder are Independent—most of them with strong anti-Lecompton proclivities. At the head of these stands *The Sacramento Union* (daily and weekly), which by means of extensive and systematic reporting, presents the fullest and fairest account of whatever is said or done in California of any journal, and which has, very naturally, the largest and widest circulation. Next in importance and influence stands *The Alta California*, the oldest paper in the State, and I believe the first ever issued in San Francisco. *The Bulletin* is the only evening paper issued in that city, and is distinguished for the fullness of its correspondence. *The California Farmer*, by Col. Warren, is the pioneer work in its line, and has hardly been exceeded in usefulness to California by any other. I trust it has a long and prosperous career before it.

Of the weekly newspapers issued in the State, twenty five support Lecompton Democracy, fourteen are anti Lecompton, only two or three Republican; the residue Independent—several of them with strong and outspoken anti-Lecompton tendencies. It will thus be seen that the influence of the local press leans strongly to the side of whatever may for the time being be commended as Regular Democracy. No State is more intensely scourged by office-seeking than California; offices being here numerous and salaries and pickings very fat; hence each county has its powerful junto of office seekers who understand, (if little else,) that the way to their goal lies through "sticking to the party," right or wrong—in fact, if it be wrong, the merit of sticking to it is, in the party sense, so much greater, and the reward is likely to be larger. Intelligent as a majority of the people of this State are known to be, it is still deplorably true that the great mass of the facts which impelled and necessitated the Republican movement and organization have never been made known through their journals—not even through those of the Independent order. To this hour, Californians otherwise well-informed imagine that there was no serious struggle in Kansas—or if there was, that one side was about as much in fault as the other—that Kansas was invaded, her people driven from the polls, her ballot-boxes stuffed, and the verdict of her settlers falsified (if at all,) as much by Republicans (whence?) as by the Missouri Border Ruffians! One Democrat with whom I discussed the matter supposed they came over from Iowa! Had the Independent Press done its simple duty in the premises, such monstrous fabrications could neither be credited nor profitably coined. But I rejoice in the hope that the break on Lecompton insures a more ample and truthful presentment of the current history of the great struggle hereafter. I am confident that the People of this State are not much longer to be held in the leading-strings of Slavery and Sham Democracy.

Of the ninety-odd periodicals in California, three are printed in the French language, two in Spanish, one in German; and at least one in Chinese. (Whoever would subscribe to "*The Chinese News*" should address its editor, Hung Tai, at Sacramento.) Six are devoted to Religion, two to Agriculture; nine or ten to Literature, Mining, Medicine, &c. About one-third of the whole number are issued from San Francisco alone.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The City of San Francisco is built along the eastern base and up the side of a row of high sand-hills, which stretch southwardly from the Golden Gate, between the Pacific Ocean on the west and the Bay of San Francisco on the east. The city has been built out into the bay some 50 to 100 rods by carting in sand from the eastern slope of the hills, which are thus left more abrupt than they originally were. The compactly built district seems rather more than two miles north and south, by somewhat less east and west. I judge that the city is destined to expand in the main southwardly, or along the bay, avoiding the steep ascent toward the west. The County covers 26,000 acres, of which one half will probably be covered in time by buildings or country-seats. I estimate the present population at about 80,000.* It seems not to have increased very rapidly for some years past; and this is as it should be. San Francisco has the largest trade of any city on the Pacific; but as yet she is the emporium of California and Oregon only. A Railroad communication with the Atlantic States would make her the New-York of this mighty ocean; the focus of the trade of all America west of the Andes and Rocky Mountains, and of Polynesia as well, with an active and increasing Australian commerce. Without an Interoceanic Railroad, she must grow slowly, because the elements of her trade have been measured and their limits nearly reached. The Gold Product of this region has for years averaged about Fifty Millions per annum, and is not likely soon to rise much above that amount. That sum does not require, and will not create, a larger mart than San Francisco now is. The horrible anarchy of Land Titles forbids any rapid expansion of Agricultural industry hereabouts; but if it were to expand, where is its market? Wheat is cheaper here to-day than in New-York or Liverpool; yet whither can any considerable amount of it be exported at a profit? I do not know.

With an efficient Protective Tariff, San Francisco would become, what she ought now to be, a great Manufacturing center—the united Manchester and Birmingham of the South Seas. She ought to make half the wares she now merely buys and sells. Under our present Tariff, with the high rates of labor prevailing in this State, this cannot be. She is evidently destined to become a great city, but not yet.

Some of the elements of greatness she certainly has—a spacious, secure, magnificent harbor, with easy access to the ocean, and a noble river communication inland; a temperate and equable climate—one very favorable to the highest efficiency in industry, though I do not deem it a pleasant one; an inexhaustible supply of the finest timber close at hand; the richest mines of the Precious Metals; and a fertile, beautiful, but not unlimited Agricultural region filling up the interval between her and those mines, and stretching hundreds of miles north and south. She has a population hardly surpassed in intelligence, enterprise, and energy. Add to these a Railroad and Telegraph to the Atlantic, and she could hardly fail to grow in population, trade, industry, and wealth, with a rapidity for which there have been few precedents.

San Francisco has some fine buildings, but is not a well-built city—as, indeed, how could she be? She is hardly yet ten years old, has been three or four times in good part laid in ashes, and is the work mainly of men of moderate means, who have paid higher for the labor they required than was ever paid elsewhere for putting so much wood, stone, brick and mortar into habitations or stores. Her growth for the first five years of her existence was very rapid; but Pottsville, Chicago, Liverpool, have also had rapid growths, and St. Louis is now expanding faster than this city has done since 1852. Cities are created and enlarged by the wants of populations outside of their own limits; San Francisco will take another start when she shall have become beneficent if not indispensable to a much larger radius than that now buying and selling mainly through her. In the hope that the time for this is not far distant, I bid her God speed.

H. G.

*The S. F. Directory for 1859 makes it 79,683, including 3,150 Chinese and 1,895 Africans.

A VISIT TO HAYTI.....XVIII.

NOTES MADE AT PORT-AU-PRINCE.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

WE LEAVE GONAIVES.

We left Gonaives at midnight, February 11. It was a beautiful moonlight night. Accompanied by the nephew of the native merchant, of whom I have already written, we went down to the sea-shore; passing, on our way, huge piles of logwood, Brazil-wood, yellow-wood, and mahogany, which form the principal exports of this thriving town; and which, until Soulouque checked its prosperity by his organized robberies along the coast, were rapidly making it one of the wealthiest and most populous places in the Empire. You may remember, that, in the act of dethronement, one count of the Emperor's impeachment related to mahogany. The mahogany is cut in the Interior, far up the Artibonite; and, when the river rises, in the rainy season, it is floated down to the coast. At the mouth of the river, the current is very swift. It is frequently impossible to stop the logs. Yet, during the reign of the sable tyrant Soulouque, if the owners did not stop their property there, it was forfeited to the Imperial Government, whose men of war—little vessels like our Revenue-cutters—were constantly plying about the mouth of the harbor to pick up these precious and numerous waifs. This was one of the many acts of despotic power by which Faustin replenished his Treasury. In consequence of it, and of his foolish wars against St. Domingo—or the Spanish Part—in which, chiefly, the mahogany grows, this commerce, which once promised to be so large and so lucrative, has dwindled down to a comparatively insignificant traffic.

THE CANOT.

The little open boat—canots they call them—in which we were to sail to Port-au-Prince, was already in waiting for us; the black boatmen, albeit, in no very genial temper; for we had already kept them two hours or more behind the appointed time. Yet, in spite of it, half an hour elapsed before we were ready to sail.

Parting from our hospitable friends, we were carried into the boat on the shoulders of the men. They had to wade with us several rods. The moon-beams shining on the tranquil waters of the bay; the town, with its tropical style of buildings and its tropical trees; the mist-crowned hills which bound the harbor to the North—its sides, in several places, in a blaze; the sea-shore covered with the natural productions of the island—so indicative at once of industry and lethargy; the boat, the boatmen, and the various other novel objects near at hand, served to form a very beautiful and picturesque view.

A MOONLIGHT SCENE.

I lay down to sleep. I stretched myself on the deck of the little boat, and put the covering carefully over my face to protect myself against the beams of the moon, which, in Hayti, or in the Holy Land, are apt to smite the incautious sleeper with lunacy or disfigured features. Headaches are the mildest punishment that the moon thus inflicts; and I had no immediate use of any of these unnecessary gifts.

We sailed out of the harbor slowly. The breeze bore us along finely until the next forenoon, when, as usual, it suddenly ceased.

The canots are built by the natives. They are strongly made; well adapted for the purpose that they serve; which is to carry produce and passengers from point to point, or from vessels to the shore.

We paid, I think, three hundred Haytian dollars for our passage—about $18 or $20 of American money. This voyaging in open boats is the ordinary mode of travel from Gonaives to the Capital; as the land route, it is said, is rather uninteresting, and decidedly more tedious. I doubt it. The views, by the sea route, are hardly worth the broiling one endures to see them. The Island of Gonave, on the right hand, is fertile, well-wooded, mountainous, and abounds, it is said, with precious minerals; but it is totally uninhabited, and has been strictly kept unpeopled for a number of years, by the orders of the Haytian Government. No one is allowed to visit it. The coast of Hayti, on the other hand, is rather low, bleak and uninteresting.

When the wind died away the boatmen took to their oars. The captain kept to the helm, and sang Creole songs—lascivious chiefly—the refrain of which was chaunted by the rowers. The songs of this people are of a wierd and melancholy character—monotonous and low. Yet some of them, the Vaudoux melodies, for example, are well worthy of preservation. I have three specimens in music—the only samples that have hitherto been culled.

About 11 o'clock we landed at Mount Rouis, the mouth of a little, fresh-water stream, and enjoyed the exceeding luxury of a bath. Let every traveler who makes this trip insist on a stay at this point. It will more than compensate for the unwillingness of the boatmen, and their muttered curses in the Creole tongue.

Off again in our boat—to be broiled for an hour or two. The sea as smooth as glass; not a breath of air stirring; a low piece of canvas, the inadequate protection against a blistering torrid sun. From 11 o'clock till 3 we experienced the sensations of the primitive Christians, in a measure, or the first agonies of insurgent negroes at the Southern stake. To be compelled to lie still and endure it (for there was not space enough to permit one to move about), was not the least disagreeable of the incidents of our voyage to the capital.

All that day and till the following morning we stayed and slept in the canot. The men had a fire on board, at which, thrice a day, they cooked their dried codfish and plantains. The codfish came from the United States. They ate very little, and drank nothing but water. This is a characteristic—the first part is—of the Haytian people. Gluttony is a vice exceedingly rare. They drink ardent spirits, it is true, but not more I think than our lower class.

PORT-AU-PRINCE—FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

Early in the morning of Sunday we sailed into the harbor of Port-au Prince. There were twenty or thirty large foreign ships at anchor, and a numerous fleet of little Haytian vessels. The town looks well from the harbor. High hills rise abruptly to the right, and further off—beyond a plain—to the left of the city, also; while, far in the distance, are seen other stately ridges of mist-capped mountains, more beautiful, even, and loftier than the mornes of Cape Haytien.

Passing a little fort in the harbor (which is a military humbug), we soon sailed through the crowd of ships, little vessels, boats, barges and lighters to the shore. The first sound we heard from land was a distant murmur of many voices, which, when we neared the shore, we found to proceed from the lower market-place.

The first street presents a respectable appearance; it is composed of the stores of the wholesale merchants. But the favorable impression they thus give you of the city, speedily vanishes as you travel through the other streets.

Port-au-Prince is neither a beautiful nor pleasant city; it presents few and very faint indications of prosperity; the pavements, where there are any, are dreadfully torn up; the streets are wide and regularly laid out, but unsightly and unswept; the houses, generally three-stories high, are old-looking and unpainted—of wood chiefly, and modeled after the French colonial style; while the public buildings, the palace excepted, are built after the very plainest method of English architecture. There is not a house in Port-au-Prince, I should guess, which would attract attention in any township in New-England, unless it